



THE KEYSTONE

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1899

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TO WOMAN'S WORK.

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SEPTEMBER.

The Guardian Angel.....Tsurriel.
His Talismanic Gem.....The Jacinth.
The Special Apostle.....Lebbeus Thaddeus.
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Editorial.

SEPTEMBER finds many of us returning to our homes, eager to take up the daily routine of life and alive to the possibilities of accomplishing plans which have been interrupted or set aside by the summer silence and relaxation, which, at times, seem to have pervaded the entire world.

Soon the busy stir of Fall activity will have us in its grasp. The American habit of "hurry" has been partially laid aside during the vacation time, and now comes the temptation to renew the old habit once again.

We become a restless, seeking, dissatisfied mass of humanity, pursuing the unattainable, craving the immoderate. We would do ourselves and others a lasting benefit if we should turn our eyes to the East and consider the poise and tranquility of that Land of Serenity. We may accuse it of lacking enterprise, but it has patience and a reserve of nerve force which adds materially to the comfort of daily life.

What a boon it would be if some of our American men and women could acquire the nerves of a Chinaman!

Let us reason with ourselves that hurry and impatience make one uncomfortable and undignified, and very often are unnecessary. Besides, let us remember that one does not inspire confidence who gives the appearance of haste. Now is the opportunity to put into practice the golden decisions of the Summer; let no one hurry you, and remember that you have all the time there is. Use it with care, bearing in mind that agitation and bustle do not accomplish everything. Many of the most valuable results can only be obtained by deliberation. Take the necessary discomforts of settling for the Winter with equipoise and deliberation and you will add materially to your own health and the comfort of your household.

A WOMAN'S daily newspaper is one of the coming events for New York City, and its advent is expected on November 2d. This paper is to be edited and managed by women, and is to be a one cent morning paper, carrying clean news columns. No name as yet has been selected for the paper, but it is proposed to soon offer a prize of \$100 for the best name suggested by a woman for this new journal. One of the chief features of the paper is to be a department which will furnish reliable servants whose references have been investigated before their advertisements have been accepted, and which will encourage length of service with one employer by offering prizes for efficiency in service. The success of this venture will be watched with interest, as one of the indications of the civic evolutions of our day.

WOMEN have often been considered valuable in deciphering poor handwriting, and their patient efforts in this direction seem to be about to be rewarded. Miss Murray, the assistant of Mr. Flinders-Petrie, the Egyptologist, with the aid of American and English archaeologists, has established a school of correspondence to teach the art of deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics to young women. A number of women students at Harvard, Cornell and University of Pennsylvania have availed themselves of this opportunity and are studying inscription reading.

Miss Murray has issued a primer of hieroglyphics based on scientific principles, and the celebrated archaeologist, Professor Hilprecht, encourages girls to take up this work. The University of Pennsylvania has in its archaeological collection 50,000 bricks from Nippur, whose hieroglyphics are still undeciphered, while the museums of Europe are full of tablets, covered with Egyptian or Babylonian inscriptions, as yet unread. Archaeologists say there is a great demand for trained translators, and fair

remuneration for competent work, but there must be an aptitude for the profession and careful preparation for the undertaking before one becomes an expert translator.

Archæology is one of the new sciences of the day; interest is growing in its field of work, and each year finds more available means for the carrying on the investigations of these buried histories of the world.

A COLLEGE for women in Japan does not surprise the student who has watched the wonderful development of these "Oriental Americans." However, one reads with interest of the rapid growth of this first institution for the higher education of Japanese women. Founded two years ago it now numbers over eight hundred students, ranging from high school girls to women teachers of thirty-five years of age. The College is undenominational and has a lecturing force of forty-one persons, representing Christians, Shintoists and Buddhists, and while the majority are men and Japanese, one German, one American and two English women serve on this staff of instructors. There are three departments, English language and literature, Japanese and Chinese language and literature, and the domestic science department, which teaches sewing, cooking, tea ceremony and flower arrangements. Some of the pupils hope to visit England and study in the universities there, and many are looking forward to years of usefulness as teachers and lecturers in their own land.

THE first woman to receive the M. A. degree from the University of South Carolina is Miss Jacqueline S. Epes. Miss Epes is a daughter of former Congressman J. F. Epes, of Virginia, and is well known to South Carolinians as one of the instructors at the College for Women in Columbia, S. C. As a graduate of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va., and as a special student at the Universities of Chicago, Virginia and South Carolina, Miss Epes has shown marked scholarship, and promises much for the standard of woman's attainment in the South.

THOSE interested in visiting nurse work among the poor will read with pleasure of the success of such a work by the Philadelphia School for Nurses, a branch of the Philadelphia Supply and Medical Dispensary. Discovering that there are many young women in every church who are anxious to help the sick poor, it occurred to this school to take any one of those willing to volunteer their services for the sick poor and train them in a careful and practical way for the essential needs of a sick room. Over one hundred young women, representing the best families of Philadelphia, are enrolled in this volunteer work under the direction of competent trained nurses, and the practical results have been most gratifying. From the success of this endeavor a movement has been inaugurated to establish throughout the South, schools of this character; some large gifts are available and one school has already been organized in Alabama for colored women. Plans are under way for the establishment of a school in the mountains of North Carolina for the poor girls of those districts. The girls are to be taught the rudiments of an English education, brought in contact with decent ways of living and taught the science of nursing. It is also contemplated to establish, in connection with the Mountain School, a sanitarium for nervous or tubercular patients.

A NEW Historical Society has been organized in South Carolina, "The Pee Dee Historical Society." Representative men from Marlboro, Marion, Darlington, Williamsburg and Florence were instrumental in the perfecting of this most valuable addition to South Carolina's numerous organizations, and J. L. Coker was nominated for President, and J. J. Dargan for Secretary of the Association. The organization meeting was held in the town of Florence, at which time Mr. McDonald Furman made an instructive address on South Carolina History. A strong Executive Committee has been formed to perfect the details of the organization, and in a few days will send out circulars in the interest of their work.

If constipated or bilious, call for Ramon's Pills, and be certain our clerks give you the genuine Ramon's; Complete treatment—25 doses 25 cents.

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THE Recording Secretary of the South Carolina Federation, Mrs. Julius Visanska, of Charleston, has sent printed reply postal cards to every Club in the State Federation asking for definite authentic information for the year books which she will publish in the fall. The tabulations are so concise that no Club can fail to understand their meaning, and return the cards to Mrs. Visanska as early as possible, to be properly recorded in the new Year Book. This system of the reply postal card should bring in prompt returns, and save Club Presidents' much time.

Joseph William Mallord Turner.

WHY is it that we want our artists and our poets to be great men as well as great artists?

Is not the gift of genius enough in itself? Often there is nothing else, the other faculties being absorbed by and in it, so that the equilibrium is destroyed and the man, to put it mildly, is eccentric. We have an example of this in the man Turner. The life of Turner is the life of a man of genius. He had two great passions, the passion for art and the much commoner passion, the love of money.

He was the only son of a London barber, born in a narrow, dirty city street. The circumstances of his birth were rather fortunate than otherwise. His father was not poor enough to tie his son down to a trade, neither was he of the aristocracy, which at that time scorned art and everything pertaining to it. The elder Turner had used a soft brush for lathering people's chins and saw no reason why his son should not use a similar tool on canvas. The date of his birth was also fortunate, for the whole art of landscape painting had been prepared for a great genius through Poussin, Salvator, Cuyp and Claude. Turner had only to begin where they had left off and push on into unknown lands.

Of the artist's mother we know nothing. Can you conceive of a man living a life of 75 years without once coming into contact with the influence of women? Such is the truth concerning Turner. He never knew his mother, never married and never even formed friendships as Byron and Shelley did. His housekeeper and the landlady, Mrs. Booth, in whose house he died, are the only women who cross his path from childhood to the grave.

Turner's father possessed the characteristic virtues of the lower middle class, industry and economy, and these virtues he inculcated in his son, two qualities very necessary in a struggling young artist.

The elder Turner at once perceived the artistic faculties of his boy and did all he could to encourage him. That his father was a friend and not an enemy to his genius counts for much among the many favorable powers that led Turner to wealth and fame. He always showed few signs of literary training and never knew any language. He could not learn a foreign language, and never even mastered his native tongue. Such was his aversion to writing that when he received a dinner invitation he rarely took the trouble to reply. Accepting or not as it suited his fancy at the moment. To spell correctly was an accomplishment he never achieved. Some of the great classical traditions must have reached him in some way because his pictures show knowledge of Grecian and Roman history.

He began his professional career by painting little water-color drawings and hanging them around the entrance to his

father's shop. Even if there were few sales they must have been an immense encouragement to a poor boy, quite enough to keep up an ardent interest in his work. He made sketches from nature and began copying in the National Gallery. He was often employed by an architect friend to fill in the back-grounds of the buildings with a sky and landscape of his own. This brought him into close connection with the study of architecture—a study, whose influence remained with him always. With his usual good fortune, for luck attended him everywhere, he was admitted to the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint there from that great master's work. At that time Turner probably intended to be a portrait painter, for portrait-painting was then the only lucrative branch of the art. It is very possible that if Reynolds had lived a few years longer his personal influence might have kept his pupil on the path which he so successfully followed. Another circumstance of his early career was that in those days a very young artist had some chance of getting a picture into the Academy exhibition. Turner's first picture was exhibited when he was 12 years old; Dover Castle was the subject. After this he knew that the road of fame was open to him, if he had genius and industry.

At 27 he was made a member of the Royal Academy and so great was his industry that every year from that time until his death he exhibited one or more pictures.

He soon began to receive pay for his topographic drawings. This topographic business led him to many interesting places, and so began his love of travel. The natural vigor of his constitution made him a pedestrian from the very beginning and led him into the habit of taking memoranda as he walked. In this way he began to gather early in life that prodigious mass of observation which provided the material for his artistic productiveness.

His humble birth, his simple manner of living, left him free to put his whole heart into the study of his profession. His poverty and ignorance, his uncomely face and figure may all be esteemed as gracious gifts of fortune, without which he could not have given himself body and soul to art.

Turner was above all a landscape painter, a painter, that is, of nature, and yet he never drew nature. He never copied, or remembered, he dreamed, and then painted the dream. He paid as much attention to truth of all kinds, as poets generally do. He lived in a world of dreams, and the use of the real world was only to supply suggestion and material for the dreams. It is wonderful that a man should love nature as he did, be continually observing her, yet coolly and deliberately prefer his own dreams to the beautiful places he traveled so far to see. He probably traveled because he must have the suggestion and stimulus of fresh scenes.

When Turner became an Academician, he took his old father away from his business as barber, and gave him a home in his own house. Here the old man cared for his son's gallery, stretched his canvases, and looked after the economical household. The relation between father and son is the only tender spot in the artist's whole life-story.

The first of the more famous pictures was painted in 1814, "Dido and Eneas leaving Carthage on the morning of the Chase," and in 1815 appeared "Dido Building Carthage." In both of these paintings we see the strong influence of architecture in the massive structures with which he filled the background.

After Turner's first visit to Italy, that Mecca of artists, he passes from drawing to color. His coloring is not an imitation of nature, it was really a series of experiments on the play of colors; for example, while visiting in a house where there were three children, he one day called the little ones to help him paint. He rubbed three cakes of water color, red, yellow and blue in three separate saucers, gave one to each child, and told them to dabble in the saucers, and then to play together on his piece of paper. Turner carefully watched the working of the thirty little fingers, and after it had gone on for some time, he suddenly called out "stop." He then took the sheet, added imaginary landscape forms, suggested by the accidental coloring, and the work was finished.

In 1829 was exhibited that splendid picture "Ulysses derid-

ing Polyphemus." It has been freely criticised, and can be easily pulled to pieces by matter of fact people, but the impression it makes, as a whole, is one of extraordinary splendor and power.

In 1830 Turner's father died, and in him he lost his nearest friend. From this time on we are to think of Turner as a singularly isolated human creature, dependent on a very few friends for such society as he possessed, and having no home, save a building of bricks, with wooden furniture inside it.

The splendid burst of color, in *The Ulysses*, and *The Son of Venice going to Sea*, and in *The Approach to Venice*, show that Turner, like all the great artists, is utterly audacious in his dealing with the truth of nature.

In 1839, what is perhaps the most famous of Turner's pictures was made public—"The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her last Berth, to be broken up."

With his great love for the sea and shipping, Turner took a deep and pathetic interest in this old war vessel of the glorious days of Nelson. The sky and water are magnificent. The grand old Temeraire, towed by a fiery little steam tug, is lighted through and through by the red, red sunlight.

This surely is the light that never was on sea or land. "The Consecration and the Poet's dream." From the date of this picture, his hand begins to fail, and the critics grow harsh and severe.

Always alone, in his later years, the love of secrecy became a passion, and at the end he hides himself in the house of a Mrs. Booth in Chelsea, and dies there all alone on the 18th day of December, 1851.

This rich old man, this famous painter, leaves a home where he could procure all the luxury he cared for, quits the society of his fellows, and dies alone in a dreary lodging.

Why trouble ourselves for the things for which men toil, if at the end we are to prefer obscurity to fame, solitude to society, and poverty and simplicity to wealth and splendor?

Charleston, S. C.

ANADORA BAER.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER ROOM DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, }
CHARLESTON, S. C., July 15, 1903. }

In reply to many inquiries already received as to rates of board during the U. D. C. Convention which meets in Charleston, on November 11th, 1903, it gives us pleasure to be able to report that reasonable rates have been secured, and each Division Secretary is asked to communicate the same to Chapters in her Division. The rates are:

St. John Hotel, \$2.00 per day, for two persons in a room, bath adjoining \$1.00 per day to room. One person in a room, \$2.50 per day, with the same charge of \$1.00 for bath.

Private houses \$1.50 per day, two or more in one room; otherwise one person in a room \$2.00 per day.

The St. John Hotel, adjacent to Hibernian Hall, where the Convention will meet, has been chosen as headquarters, but for those who prefer it board can be had in private houses, where they will be comfortably cared for, all most accessible to Convention Hall.

Parties desiring to secure board in advance, can do so by communicating with Mrs. Ida M. Lining, 32 George Street, Charleston, S. C., Chairman Committee on Information. Please be explicit in stating how many ladies will be willing to occupy one room. Mrs. Lining and her Committee will gladly find accommodations for all coming.

MARTHA B. WASHINGTON,
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Committee on Printing and Programme.

The Presidents and Secretaries of State Chapters are requested to make known to their local chapters the contents of above circular as soon as possible, and also to have the circular with this notice appended, published in the leading newspapers of their several States. This will greatly facilitate the work of the Bureau of Information.

(MRS.) IDA M. LINING, Charleston, S. C.
Chairman of Bureau of Information.

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Robbers of the Morning.

A RATHER serious thing, perhaps, to call one's friends or neighbors "robbers," but that is what many of them are—robbers of the morning hours, and as these hours are among the most priceless possessions of the housekeeper, the theft is even more serious than the accusation. I speak more particularly of the housekeeper of the suburban towns, where the evil is more prevalent. In more than one instance the "robbers" have been so persistent that the exasperated victim has been forced to the point of barricading her house against the intrusion and taking shelter behind that implacable "not at home" of her trained housemaid. Every woman knows the value of the hours of the forenoon, when, refreshed from a night of rest and with all the faculties quickened, she can go to her domestic duties or professional work with a zest no other hours of the day will possess for her. And to be interrupted, to be forced to sit still for hours listening to a stream of useless chatter upon trivial matters, is exasperating. There is one gentle housewife of my acquaintance, too tenderhearted to offend even where offense would not be recognized as such, whose health has actually been injured by one of these "robbers." "Why not invite these morning callers into the room where I am working?" I want the upper floor of my house to possess the privacy that belongs to my family. One's neighbors are not always one's best friends. Good form, alone, if not good sense, has relegated the calling hours to the afternoon and evening, and no system of housekeeping or professional work can be maintained where this rule is outraged.—*Good Housekeeping.*

ALL Clubs interested in tree planting can secure valuable information from the Tree Committee of the Roxburghe Club of Roxburghe, Mass. This Club has planted eighty trees during the past year. They suggest trees which will sustain bird life, as suitable for planting, and they are ready to advise with any Club contemplating tree planting.

The Better Way.

IN the heart of an opal there burns a fiery gleam,
In the heart of a woman there lies a restless dream,
But if the opal's fire escaped, and blazed in vain,
Or if the woman's dream fulfilled, had brought her pain,
What would be their gain?

Within its softly tinted walls the opal's fire
Steadily burns on, like a controlled desire—
And when the woman's heart is stilled and held at bay
And like the opal sends forth but a glowing ray—
It is the better way. M. A. J. FREEMAN.

Claremont, N. H.

His Guardian Angel.

[By KATE LILLY BLUE, Marion, S. C.]

Mildred Ravenel rose from her knees at the window as the first grey streaks of dawn began to lighten the eastern sky. All night she had struggled and wrestled, until now that the darkness was past, she was completely exhausted, but as she turned to throw herself across her couch to woo the long-delayed slumber, there was a light unutterable peace and heavenly renunciation in her dark eyes.

While she sleeps heavily, dreamlessly, we will review the cause of this struggle. At the age of nineteen, she had met a young law student, to whom she had yielded her maiden heart without reservation. He had wooed her from their first meeting in the town she was visiting, of which he was a resident. It was but a short time before his love was declared and her's acknowledged. Then for a brief season, she felt that life was a golden dream, and happiness something real, something tangible.

There was no opposition to their engagement, so it was announced on her return home, but their marriage was not to take place in two years, as her mother wished to have Mildred with her, until her lover had been admitted to the Bar, and became established in his practice. All went well for a few months, then little rumors began to reach Mildred's ears that her fiancée had taken to drink, rumors which she at first refused to credit. But the sad truth was borne home to her when he visited her under the influence of intoxicants. She had been trained by her father whose own father had filled a drunkards grave to abhor the slightest indulgence in drink. From her babyhood he had abjured her never to marry a man that drank, and once, just before his death, he had placed his hand upon her golden head and said earnestly: "My daughter, I would far rather lay you in your coffin with my own hands than for you to marry a man that drinks. A drunkards wife is the most pitiable sight under heaven. My poor mother's sufferings were inexpressible. Especially beware of men whose taste for intoxicants is inherited. For such there is no earthly cure."

And now upon inquiry, she found that Hubert Mansfield, her betrothed husband, was the scion of a long line of hard drinkers. Her father had been dead only a few months, and his words were still fresh in her memory when she learned the heart-breaking truth about Hubert. Quietly and prayfully she thought out the matter, and decided to try to effect Hubert's reformation before she married him. "For," she said wisely, "if he will not reform before marriage, he certainly will not afterward."

She told him of her decision, and he readily gave his promise, but alas! only to break it again and again, until slowly but surely the fact was impressed on her that her father was right, there was no earthly cure for him. Then she told him sorrowfully that they must part, and persisted in this determination in spite of his reproaches and protestations. What this decision cost her only God and her own heart ever knew, for she was accustomed to self-repression, and no one, least of all Hubert Mansfield, dreamed that with the breaking of her engagement, she was renouncing her fondest hope of earthly happiness. Yet with her training, and the memory of her father's words, it was all and the least that she could do. Not that she was unwilling to sacrifice herself and her own happiness for love's sweet sake, but the dread of perpetuating a race of drunkards deterred her. After this rupture, she left home to visit an aunt in the far

northwest, then with this relative she had gone abroad, and spent five years in study and travel. She had gone away a pretty girl, she returned a magnificently beautiful woman, with a grace and intelligence that distinguished her in any crowd. Returned free, too, she thought, from the old bond of love that had bound her to Hubert Mansfield; but, ah, why that wild tumult in her bosom on beholding his face in church the day following her arrival home, if she had forgotten that old sweet love? It was surprise at seeing him, she told herself, for she had not known of his partnership with one of the leading lawyers in her native town. And why, if she no longer loved him, should a pang shoot to the depths of her heart, as she saw the lines of dissipation grown deeper on the handsome face? And he? When he saw her enter, so pure and beautiful in her soft clinging gown of spotless white, a light came into his violet eyes, and something like a prayer rose from his heart that she, his beloved, might become his guardian angel. Such an aspiration could not fail to be heard and answered.

That afternoon he called to see her, and at his first words the old love leaped to life, stronger and more vigorous from its long sleep.

"Mildred," he said, "six years to-day we plighted our troth and vowed that neither time nor anything else could break the golden chain of love that bound our hearts together. In all these years I have loved you, and you alone, and knowing your disposition so well, my darling, I cannot help hoping that your love for me still lives. Mildred—Mildred darling—I need you! I cannot hope to struggle successfully against that devilish inherent thirst unless I have you, my guardian angel, always at my side to help me. Can you refuse me that help, my Mildred?"

"Hubert," she had said quietly, though every pulse within her was throbbing with a wild desire to throw herself into his arms and yield unconditionally, "Hubert, you can measure my love by yours, dear, but, oh, I cannot give up the belief of a life time without more reflection. Give me a little time for that."

"Until to-morrow," he said, eagerly, noting the evidence of her surrender. Then he pleaded his cause so earnestly, so manfully, that the citadel of her heart was ready to capitulate, but she persisted in postponing her decision until the morrow. She had spent the night in deciding, and when the struggle was over, a sweet peace filled her heart, and she slept. She had prayed earnestly with the entire strength of a pure heart to be the instrument in his salvation from his inherited degradation, and her words and actions after that all-night struggle evinced the fact that she felt her petition was granted, and that her influence was to be spiritual instead of in the body. The sweet peace and angelic resignation upon her lovely face was evidence that she was satisfied.

When Hubert came for his answer, she told him that she was willing to risk the consequences and become his. He folded her in his arms, and between rapturous kisses called her his salvation, his guardian angel, promising that, with her help, he would conquer his appetite for intoxicants. She drew away from him gently, and looking up into his eyes with a mingled expression of joy and happiness, said softly: "Remember, Hubert, that every time you break that promise, you send a dagger to the depths of a heart which considers your good its greatest happiness. Even in heaven I should feel regret."

He begged for an early marriage, and she acquiesced, as she did now to everything he proposed. She acquainted her mother and sister with the state of affairs, then went about with a strange, rapt look upon her face that was inexplicable. There was no doubt of her love for Hubert, it was plainly shown in every glance, word, action, and she tried to be with him nearly all the time, but when mention was made of her approaching marriage, she would start as from the contemplation of something very different. One day her sister said: "Mildred, if you are to marry Hubert next month, I think it is time you were getting your trousseau ready."

Mildred smiled absently and then said: "Oh, yes, of course. I had forgotten that." Then she went shopping alone, and to Esther's surprise bought only one dress, her wedding gown, of soft white wool and chiffon, and satin ribbon. After that she could be made to take no interest in her wedding garments,

asking her mother and Esther very gently to make the necessary preparations for the coming event, as she wished to be with Hubert as much as possible. Two weeks before the wedding day, everything pertaining to the trousseau was ready, with the exception of the wedding gown, which Mildred had shown a strange reluctance to have cut. She came down in the afternoon equipped for a drive, and when Esther reminded her that it was time to cut the wedding dress, she looked up quickly and said: "Do not cut it until to-morrow. That will be time enough." Then with a tender, dreamy look upon her face, she kissed mother and sister, and went out to the gate where Hubert waited to take her driving with a new horse. She turned and looked long and lingerly at the dear old home framed in roses and honeysuckles, then drove away with her lover. Out into the country they went, along a road that was hedged in by tall nodding daisies and golden-rod, on into the beautiful flame tinted woods. He was bending over her lovingly, with eyes and ears for nothing else, the reins held loosely in one hand. He had forgotten the new horse, which was on trial for the first time, when she cried suddenly: "Look at the rabbit!" As the words passed her lips, the horse bounded forward, and the reins were jerked from Hubert's careless grasp. He caught a glimpse of a small brown object scurrying across the road, and made a vain effort to recover the reins. The horse dashed madly down the tree-bordered road, and swerved suddenly to the left. He gave one glance into his sweetheart's placid face, then clasped her close as a crash came. He was stunned for a few moments, then revived to find himself lying on the roadside, his fiancée pale and still, near the shattered buggy, and no sign of the horse in sight. With an awful dread upon him, he arose with difficulty and made his way to Mildred's side. Taking her in his arms, he called her name in frenzied accents. Slowly the heavy dark lashes lifted, a ray of the setting sun rested redly, fiercely upon the autumn leaves above her head, then dropped to the pallid face, staining it with a vivid, unnatural bloom for one short moment before glancing off and leaving her features more ghastly than before. The white lips unclosed. "Your guardian angel, dearest," she whispered faintly, "always remember that. When you are tempted, whisper 'Mildred,' and I will be with you to strengthen and save." The heavy lids drooped, the sunset waned, and a laborer passing on his way homeward found a wild-eyed man sitting as motionless as a stone beside the road, clasping close in his arms the form of a woman, whose dead face was no whiter, no more lifeless than his own.

They buried her in her wedding robe, the pattern of which was changed from the tight fitting, trained costume, to a soft loose shroud, with billows of chiffon and satin ribbon. White roses, no fairer, no purer than the fair clay, and the pure soul so lately fled, rested on her bosom, and were clasped in her waxen hands. Years passed, and everybody noticed that Mildred Ravenel's tragic death had accomplished what her pure life had failed to do—Hubert Mansfield's complete reformation. He mentioned to no one the sweet secret of his guardian angel's ever watchful presence, and only her mother and sister shared his knowledge of Mildred's prescience of her fate.

[THE END.]

Olympic Games.

FOR the first time in the history of any Exposition, physical culture or athletics will be recognized officially at the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904. With a large appropriation, \$75,000 of which is to be awarded in prizes, an excellent program of events is assured. The gymnasium, to be a permanent one, is now being erected, as is also a stadium with a seating capacity of 35,000. Here will be held during the season all known sports. The feature of the program will be the Olympic Games. It will be the first time that these games, which are a revival of the famous Olympic games of Greece, were ever held on American soil. They will last one week and will consist of running, jumping, hurdling, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus and hammer, etc. This feature will attract to St. Louis the athletic followers of the entire world, and the world's greatest athletes will be here to take part in these contests.

Types.

MANY people find pleasure and amusement in tracing types and connect them with certain nationalities. The physiological effects of frequent bathing are well known, among them being a heightened color, sharper features—that is, a rawboned appearance—and (as Dr. Andrew Wilson has lately pointed out) a thinning of the hair.

Another factor in the creation of the modern type among ourselves is the habit of pedestrian exercise, and also our greater indulgence in outdoor sports and games.

One facial tendency, which has been remarked by Professor Mantegazza as characteristic of the English of both sexes during the last century, deserves to be noted; it is the greater length of nose, accompanied by more straightness. Aquiline noses, we are told, which were exceedingly common in the eighteenth century, are becoming rare in Great Britain.

Looking abroad, we are shown the Frenchman gradually growing lighter of hair and complexion, owing to the greater fecundity of the Norman and the constant infusion of Swiss and Alsatian blood. The habit of drinking beer in preference to wine is also said to be influencing the physique and facial tint of the Gallic race. There can be no question of a slight increase of stature and a more erect carriage among the males, this resulting from the same cause which has transformed the whole race of Germans from round-shouldered, shambling men into grim, sinewy automatons—namely, the severity of universal military discipline. But, with the Germans, they have to thank the army for a decrease, instead of an increase of stature, the height of the men, as shown by official reports, having gradually diminished since 1851. Whether the Kaiser's subjects will regard this loss as sufficiently atoned for by the greater size of the German chin, which is becoming a prominent characteristic, unknown to the Prussians under Frederick the Great, is a matter for German consideration.

In Japan it has been observed with increasing astonishment, as almost a freak of nature, that ever since the adoption by the Emperor Mutsuhito, thirty years ago, of European customs and costumes the Europeanization of the physiognomy of the Japanese has been growing apace. One of the not least wonderful results the traveller will learn from the harbors of Tokio and Yokohama is the increase in the growth of the beard, and of the lesser stiffness of hair, owing to the habit of wearing hats and of brushing and oiling the hair. As a sample of a completely Europeanized Japanese, both in appearance and habits, the present Japanese Ambassador in London may be cited. The increase of stature among the Japanese is very perceptible and the substitution of tepid and even cold water for the hot baths among many of the people is responsible for an increasing floridity of the complexion. Before the advent of military discipline on European models the Japanese were notable as the smallest necked race in the world, a firm of London collar makers with a large trade in Japan asserting that thirteen inches was the normal circumference of a full grown Japanese's throat. In a little over twenty years, owing to more athletic development, the average has risen an inch and a half! To athletic development should also be added greater avoirdupois, inasmuch as a more generous diet and abstention from parboiling is bringing its reward in an accumulation of muscle and tissue.

If, therefore, the Mongolian races are found capable of achieving, by slow degrees, the Caucasian physiognomy, there can be nothing surprising in the circumstance to which Max Nordau has drawn attention, that the Jews are slowly losing their identity. Once the Jews abandon their peculiar habits and dietary the change is declared to be very rapid, the second generation almost perfectly resembling the inhabitants of this country in which it is domiciled. This was exemplified in the case of Captain Dreyfus, one of the most famous Jews of present times, who looked like a Jew, although both of his grandparents were of the most pronounced Hebrew types.—EXCHANGE.

We have in our shelves many remedies for constipation and biliousness but the never-failing, common-sense cure is found only in Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets. This treatment cures by relieving the cause of the trouble; the Pink Pill arouses the liver, while the Tonic Pellets tone up the organs and insure natural and healthy conditions. Complete Treatment—two medicines—25 doses—full directions—only 25 cents.

MISSISSIPPI FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Address all communications for Mississippi to Mrs. Ed. C. Coleman,
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THE President of our State Federation, Mrs. Mattie Hardy Lott, has just finished a most successful term as President of the Meridian Fortnightly Club. The Club did excellent work, and made great advances under her administration, for Mrs. Lott is a most enthusiastic worker, a capable, intelligent woman, and enters thoroughly into whatever she undertakes. She is a daughter of Capt. W. H. Hardy, one of the finest men this section of the country has produced, and from him she inherits many fine qualities. She was educated in Meridian at the Baptist College.

About twenty-one years ago she was married to Mr. Wm. S. Lott, of Mobile. With the exception of a few years in Mobile, they have always lived in Meridian, where they now reside.

Gentle and affable in her manner, Mrs. Lott is a woman in every sense of the word; of a refined, delicate nature and a lover of the beautiful. Expressions of her artistic nature have been shown in many exquisite pieces of lace, hand painting and other handiwork.

Although a young woman, she has a fine record of activity, engaging, as much as her time would allow, in all charitable uplifting undertakings in her town. She is now one of the Directors of the Public Library. With a quick mind and fondness for the society of others, she gets from every enjoyment the fullest benefit; but Mrs. Lott is more than a society woman. If she likes society and society likes her, there is also a very decided domestic side to her nature, and her home receives every attention. As the tastes of husband and wife are similar, they lead a quiet, refined, domestic life.

Unlike many enthusiastic philanthropic workers, her church and home are given the best. The atmosphere which dominates the home is that of the strong domestic ties which bind together the mother, father, daughter and son in the deepest devotion.

MRS. STELLA H. HERMAN, one of the Vice-Presidents of our State Federation, is the President of the Twentieth Century Club of Pontotoc. She was chosen for the first President when the Club was organized in 1900, and as proof of her popularity, she was unanimously re-elected the two succeeding years. She is the wife of an editor, a woman of culture and education and has read and traveled extensively. She is a good conversationalist and writer and the Club considers that a great part of its success as a Club is due to her zeal and wide-awake interest.

The Club membership is limited to twenty-five. The Secretary is Miss Bertie Pittman; assistant Secretary, Mrs. Mary Rowland Pitts.

MRS. HENRY BROACH, (née Beulah Hankins), Vice-President from 5th District, is a native Mississippian, born in Brooksville about 28 years ago, and educated in Meridian, Miss., at the public schools. She is the highest type of a pure, noble, consecrated woman, not having been blessed with children, she has given much of her time and talents to the Lord. She is now President of the State Sunbeam Society, (children's department), of mission Work of the Baptist denomination, and President of local Society of the First Church. She is also newly elected President of Fortnightly Club, the oldest literary organization in the State.

Mrs. Broach is one of the few who can always be depended upon to do her full duty on every occasion. She is an intelligent, progressive, refined woman, possessing both strength and sweetness of character, consequently a favorite with all who are fortunate enough to know her.

MRS. NANNIE McIVER CRUNK, Auditor of the M. F. W. C., has been an active Club-woman since 1897. She is particularly interested in the work of the Traveling Library, of which she was Chairman last year and which she considers one of the essential features of a successful Federation. But the line of labor in which Mrs. Crunk is now most deeply interested is the Free Scholarship and Department of Education. In this she has put her whole heart and soul, and donated \$5.00 personally to the Scholarship fund for the ensuing year. Mrs. Crunk is a tall, handsome Titian blonde, with a patrician air inherited from a long line of noble ancestors, and fills any position to which she may be called with dignity and a conscientious regard to the duty and obligations of the office.

MRS. GEORGE RICHARDSON is a member of the Macon Woman's Club. She is a native of Courtland, Ala., being the daughter of Dr. A. J. Sykes, a physician of note in that State. Her husband is a lawyer, a son of the late Simon P. Richardson, a noted divine and author of Georgia. The Macon Club has twelve members and holds monthly meetings, taking no summer vacation. The programs in their Year Book cover a wide range of up-to-date subjects. The President of the Club is Miss Lillie Dorroh.

THE WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE LITERARY CLUB, of Natchez, has twenty-five active, four honorary and two life members. This fall their study will be Spain, with historical sketches and accounts of her art, literature, legends and architecture. A feature of their Club work is the earnest discussion of the subject matter of the day's essay, thereby causing each member to be conversant with the historical period. As a Club they have never branched out in any public work, the members confine themselves principally to thoroughness in their studies. They sent out a Travelling Library, but after the first year, met with so little encouragement that for the present the venture is in abeyance. This fall they intend to try again. Mrs. Rosa Q. Duncan, the President of this Club is traveling in Europe. Mrs. Clarence Willson, the Secretary, has spent the summer in Colorado. Mrs. W. B. Rhodes, the State President of the D. A. R., is a valued member of this fine Club. She is also travelling in the west.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB of West Point, has thirty active and honorary members, and meets fortnightly, on Friday afternoon. The Librarian keeps the Club library, which consists of about two hundred volumes, including a nice collection of foreign books on art. Their last study was Italy and Goodyear's Book on Art. The study for the next year will be France and Spain. They have a Committee to do the program work. They will continue the study of French and Spanish artists, and hope next year to take up American art. Mrs. W. C. White is President, and Mrs. B. M. Haworth, Secretary.

THE HAZELHURST FLORAL CLUB was organized six years ago. Its object is two-fold, to stimulate an interest in growing the chrysanthemum, and by an exhibition of the same to procure funds for charitable purposes and town improvement. With the proceeds of three shows they have placed an iron fence around the cemetery, with two handsome gates. The Board of Aldermen gave them some assistance. At present they have \$300 on hand, and expect to assist the fire company in building a suitable home for their needs, which will also answer for an exhibition hall for the fall chrysanthemum shows. For three years they have held a rose show in the spring, but much more interest is given to the chrysanthemum show. The Club expects to furnish magazines for the Ladies' Rest Room in their handsome new Court house. Board of Directors: Mrs. D. M. Miller, Mrs. G. W. Carrington, Mrs. A. B. Henry. Secretary, Mrs. Colie Carrington.

Home Exercise for Women.

ALL exercises should be taken with practically no clothing on. After the morning exercise, a cold, sea salt, sponge bath taken quickly will strengthen the body, act as a nerve tonic and invigorate. If one objects to the salt, just cold water will be sufficient. If, after the bath the whole body is brushed with a brush as stiff as can be used without scratching, the blood will be made to circulate freely and the skin will be seen, after a few days, to become much softer, while the flesh will be firmer and healthier. Take five minutes every morning to each of these—the exercising, the bath and the brushing—and the fifteen minutes you have devoted to your health will be an investment which will more than repay you. At night the brushing and exercise should be repeated.

In brushing, always brush toward the heart; brush from the feet upward, from the hands upward, and over the abdomen in a circular movement from right to left; this will aid the powers of digestion.

How many times women attempt some little unusual work about the house, reaching up or bending down, and suddenly a sharp twinge makes them cry out. Some muscle the owner never dreamed she possessed was brought into service, and being weak from having long remained idle, caused pain. The pain causes the woman to exclaim “never to do that again,” whereas, if she only knew what was best for herself she would at once begin gradually to use that very muscle.

Exercise is both for the stout and the thin. Exercise will reduce flesh; the weight may not decrease very rapidly, but you will have good flesh, and the useless fat will disappear. If you are thin, it will bring the blood to the parts of the body used, and thus nourish them; if flesh is desired rapidly, drink all the milk and cream possible; it will do wonders.

In general, remember that fresh air, night and day, is of the greatest importance, and that deep breathing will even overcome the evil of delicate lungs. Exercise will strengthen the heart and lungs as well as all other muscles. Walk as much as possible; it is one of the best of exercises. Walk, if but a short distance, twice every day. The importance of the daily bath cannot be stated too strongly. It helps the system to throw off waste material, and when sea salt is added, proves a splendid tonic. If the person is delicate, she should begin with warm water and gradually lower the temperature. Good, healthy food and plenty of sleep should not be forgotten. Try at all times to stand and sit properly; when you lie down you may relax as you please and forget all about physical culture.

If your lungs ache after deep breathing, do not be frightened; it is a sure sign you needed to use them. The pain is due to part of the lungs having been idle, and the unused muscles tell the tale. Do not be discouraged if results do not come quickly, and if you get tired and stop, do not be ashamed to begin again, no matter how many times you fail. There is only one thing one should allow to prevent one's daily exercise, and that is, if one is physically indisposed; but being tired, or coming home late from some social function, should not be an excuse.

CONSTANCE SIDNEY in *Good Housekeeping*.

THE Keynote of the National Educational Association meeting, held in Boston, in July, has been characterized by some one as “the realization that American schools and colleges have paid too much attention to the intellectual side of the students' character, and have neglected the moral side. In other words, they have produced bright men who may be accounted to stand high in the business world, but not the type of men who are willing to assume civic responsibilities and bring about the moral uplifting that is so necessary in the politics of their country.”

THE famous prison for women at Clermont, France, is to be closed after being in use for almost one hundred years. Its most notable features are the rule of absolute and unbroken silence laid upon all inmates, and the opportunity given the prisoners to earn a franc or two a day by corset-making, and to save their earnings against the time of liberation. Louise Michel was imprisoned there for several years.—EXCHANGE.

Social Service at Harvard University.

TO educated men and women no movement of modern times carries with it so much of vital force as do the various experiments in social service. American colleges have taken up the subject, and one follows with interest the development of well defined schools in the study of charity and corrections. This work began at Harvard in the divinity school in 1880 and in 1884 the subject was carried over to the general university for juniors, seniors and graduate students. The next year found fifty students from five departments of the university in attendance, and the attendance to-day averages nearly two hundred students, the majority being seniors who have been inspired to take the course through their study of political economy and philosophy. The course is a practical one, the class visiting institutions for charity and correction about Boston, and there are many lectures and special topics treated, such as the ethics of the family, labor questions, the drink problem, etc. From these studies naturally opportunities for philanthropic work arise, and it has been estimated that the services of twelve per cent. of the students resident in Cambridge have been enlisted in charity work. In 1895 the work was systematized by a Social Service Committee, which is supported by the united religious societies of the university. This committee of twenty-four students, assisted by an advisory board of Professors, graduates and other persons prominent in charity, has a suitable equipment for its activities through the “Phillips Brooks House.” This building was assigned to this Committee in 1898 by the trustees of the bequest of Miss Belinda Randall, who voted \$10,000 for the construction of this house and \$5,000 for a permanent fund to carry on the work of the Committee. The director of the Committee holds office hours in this building and meets men individually or in groups and advises them as to the problems in Social Service which they are investigating. The Secretary of this Committee shows in his report for 1902 that during the month of December, 1902, three hundred and sixty-three students were actively at work with organized charity, this number not including those who render personal service to some church or other organization without the medium of the student organization. The work accomplished is diversified and is such as work among sailors at “T” wharf, Boston; instructing and maintaining boys' clubs for athletics, recreation, manual training, etc.; assisting men's clubs in politics, current events and literature. Harvard House, Brattle Hall and Prospect Union are centers of Social Service work which are well worth a visit as examples of the work of the Harvard student. The students also conduct educational classes at the Cambridge Social Union where courses are open to both men and women. Besides this educational work the Harvard entertainment troupes give concerts at hospitals, alms houses, reform schools, prisons and asylums about Boston and in the social settlements. It has been estimated that the monthly audiences for these entertainments average 1800 persons. There are forty-nine Harvard men members of these troupes, with one student as a central manager. When we recall the active work of the Harvard students last winter in assisting in the distribution of coal to the poor it is interesting to note that they filled various positions in this work, from clerical work in dealing with the applicants to driving the teams.

These are only a few notes about the work done in one great American university towards training and directing the young men of the country in the direction of Social Service. The Women's Colleges have also taken up the work and many girls to-day are brought face to face with the practical consideration of those social problems which must be handled by the well-to-do and educated people of the country before there can be much progress made in their solution. The “other half” needs the sympathy and assistance of their more fortunate brothers and sisters, and the educated men and women of America are not being left in ignorance of the work before them.

A UNIQUE collection of 120 paintings, by Adolf von Menzel, will be a feature of the German section at the World's Fair.

NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

This Department is Official, and will be continued monthly.
Address all communications for North Carolina to Miss Minnie Slocumb,
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WILMINGTON, N. C., has two Free Kindergartens—one established thirteen years ago in connection with the Roman Catholic School and one under the care of the First Presbyterian Church, maintained by them for nine years. Here is an object lesson for churches in other cities, for the length of years proves the efficiency of the work.

Flora MacDonald in North Carolina.

SOME of the chief historic associations connected with the Cape Fear section of North Carolina are the experiences of the Scotch heroine, Flora MacDonald, in that colony of the New World. The following is a newspaper account of these early Scottish settlers:

"In 1747 (Williamson) Neal MacNeal, the chief of a band from the most highlands of Scotland, purchased a large body of land near Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, N. C., which he settled with five or six hundred colonists, who wore the plaid and tartan. Embarrassed by pecuniary matters at home, and encouraged by glowing reports from the Highlanders who had flocked to the Cape Fear, Allan MacDonald and Flora left Bonnie Scotland in 1775, and in due time landed in North Carolina at Fayetteville.

For generations a huge pair of antlers hung above the chimney piece of an old homestead in Cumberland County; and, for aught I know, they hang there still. They were prized from father to son, as coming down direct from Flora MacDonald, and this was the manner of it: One bright evening in early fall Flora MacDonald stood just beyond the door of her house on Cross Creek, looking up the stream, and awaiting the return of Allan MacDonald, who had all day been hunting deer with two or three others of the household. A Scotch crofter was at work in the cattle byre on one side of the house, when, turning his head, he saw a magnificent stag stalk down on the other side of the stream, bend his graceful head to drink, and then, uplifting his proud crest, stand a beautiful statue of the woods. The Scotchman rushed into the house, caught a gun from the rack, bounded past Flora, and then began to creep along the dense undergrowth to his quarry, for the deer was far away.

His mistress followed man and deer with eagerness, and suddenly, in quick, strident whisper, called: "Shoot, or he will be gone!" The Highlander risked a wonderful shot, and the noble animal fell dead in his tracks. Tender venison steaks doubtless set forth the family board, but the branching antlers of the spoil passed on to the posterity of the Scotch nimrod.

The ruins of the house are yet to be seen, as you pass from the market house, on the right, just before you cross the creek, not far from the law office once occupied by John D. Eccles, Esq. This is the location generally accepted as correct.

After a residence at Fayetteville, Allan and Flora MacDonald removed to Cameron Hill, twenty miles west, where they had bought a large body of land.

We are accustomed to point to Flora MacDonald's rescue of Prince Charles Edward, from the cruel men of the sword that went about to slay him, as the brightest passage in a life so full of adventure, trial and sorrow; but, to my mind, she was most a heroic in the devotion and self-sacrifice with which she toiled, and travelled from place to place, and used her slender means, and pawned her family silver, and plead and prayed, for the release of her husband, imprisoned in Halifax County after the defeat of the Royal forces by Lillington and Caswell.

It was during this terrible ordeal to her loving woman's heart, as her Cape Fear admirers are wont to maintain, and not when her arm was broken on board of the ship, chased by a pirate—that she said:

"I have hazarded my life for the house of Stewart and the house of Hanover, and I do not see that I have been the gainer by either."

Flora MacDonald was a Scotchwoman, who thought and talked in the tongue of her race; and when the iron entered her soul, her protest against ingratitude was fraught and expressed with deep feeling:

"I have had nuckle thanks for nuckle toil and travail for the houses of Stewart and Hanover."

But there are indisputable proofs that Flora MacDonald herself regarded the apotheosis of her life as having come in the glory of her young womanhood, when she was the heroine in the escape of the gallant young Pretender. We see that she boldly and exultantly vaunted herself of her deeds, even in the august presence of fiery George II., against whose throne the rebellion of 1745-46 was aimed; but pluck in a young woman was honored by even a beef-eating Brunswicker, and a handsome chaise and six horses were furnished for her return to Scotland. Her escort was Malcolm McLeod, who often said in after life: "I went to London to be hanged, but rode back in a coach and six with Flora MacDonald." We know, too, that when she died, on the 4th of March, 1790, and was buried in the cemetery of Killmuir, on the Isle of Skye, her shroud, by her last directions, was made of the sheets on which Prince Charles Edward slept at the castle of Kingsborough, which she had preserved through all the vicissitudes of her stormy life.

But nearer home we come across touching testimony that the romance of the Scotch girl's life was bounded by the perilous days and the still more perilous nights in which she risked name, fame, and life for the safety of a prince of an ill-fated regal house, whose way was ruin, whose blood reddened the headman's block, whose tyranny overturned a throne, whose follies convulsed Church and State, whose love was even more fatal than its hate. For many years there was carefully cherished in the family of Mrs. Ferguson, a noble Christian woman of Fayetteville, a beautiful miniature on ivory of Prince Charles Edward, said to have been long in the possession of Flora MacDonald.

Miss Alice Campbell, former President of the Fayetteville Confederate Memorial Association, who is devoted to the preservation and perpetuation of the history of this section, has in her possession copies of the miniature of Prince Charles Edward and if I mistake not, pictures also of Flora MacDonald.

I cannot point my finger at them, but there is no reason to doubt that there are now, in the counties of the upper Cape Fear District, descendants of those who came over to this country with Allan MacNeal and Allan MacDonald. I knew a very singular man, who lived in the lower part of Harnett County, who died about fifteen years ago, in whose family were extant many traditions of Flora MacDonald and her people. His grandfather knew the Scotch heroine, and described her as a small woman, but dignified and graceful. She was very brave and active, and often accompanied Allan in deer hunting, being a good shot. She had a sweet voice, it was said, and sang many a Highland ballad; but she especially delighted in the following:

"Oh, I loe weel my Charlee's name,
Though some there be that hate him;
But, oh, to see the deil gang hame,
Wi' a' the Whigs before him!
Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die with Charlie."

But there! Little need do we find to invoke the myths of tradition, or borrow the frills of an industrious and exuberant imagination to prove the life of Flora MacDonald—with its Caledonian courage, its constancy, its womanly unselfishness—a precious heritage unto the people of the Cape Fear country and their posterity."

One of the Smart Set.

ONCE there was a nice little boy who was very obedient to his mother. On his seventh birthday this little boy was taken to visit his doting grandparents, who lived in a neighboring city, and he was quite proud of being his mother's escort. "I'll take such good care of her, father," he said, "cause I'm big now, and I'm not afraid of anything 'cept lions." Oh, the joy of boarding a really, truly train, the bliss of being for the first time drawn by a live and snorting engine! It was all flawless until that fat conductor, with the big red nose, came swinging down the aisle, saying mysterious words to everybody. "I'll hit him," thought the nice little boy, "if he speaks to my mother." But the man seemed to grow bigger and bigger as he came nearer and nearer, so that when he snapped out: "Tickets, how old's the child," the little escort was too frightened to do anything but stare dumbly at the rude man. Instead of hitting he seemed to get a blow himself, for the next minute, his mother sweetly answered: "Why, he's six." "Oh, no, I aint; I'm seven," cried the nice little boy. And then his pretty mother bade him be silent, saying serenely: "Little boys try to hurry over the years as they hurry over their lessons." With a grunt the cross man left them—not as he found them, for in the heart of the nice little boy there was a wound that does not readily heal. To have lost that precious year through no fault of his own was not a thing to be easily forgotten. He watched his mother eagerly, but she was interested in her book, and seemed unconscious of the late calamity. "I'll tell father," thought the nice little boy, "for I bet he thinks I'm still seven." That night when his father joined them the strange story was whispered to him, but he only said with a bitter laugh: "Don't contradict your mother on railway trains, my boy, it's a place where thousands of years are lost annually as well as pocket-books and umbrellas." This was a singular way of looking at the matter, and the nice little boy thought it rather foolish. But gradually his mental horizon underwent some subtle changes, and within a month—he understood.

It was on their homeward trip, that looking proudly at his mother, her little escort said to another cross conductor: "I'm big, but I'm not quite seven." And his pretty mother smiling gaily called him her smart little man.

After that the smart little man understood many things that used to puzzle him; for one thing he quite understood how all important it is to be smart. At school this knowledge was of great use in helping him to make his classes. At college it was the same, although he was nearly found out during his last year—and threatened with expulsion. But the smart little man had become so exceedingly smart by that time that someone else shouldered the blame, and someone else was expelled.

The smart little man is still alive, is well-known in business circles, and there are a great many of him. THE BATTERY.

Sunshine News.

THE fifth annual meeting of the International Sunshine Society held in New York late in May, was a most encouraging success. There were 800 delegates in attendance. The Treasurer General reported \$9,790.29 received in the last twelve months. The expenses of the order were \$1,860.32; \$6,960.42 was distributed, and there is a balance on hand of \$1,000 Endowment Fund and \$477.95.

Rev. L. B. Langford, of Laurens, S. C., is asking through the columns of the Sunshine Bulletin for a library of good books for the colored people of Laurens.

North Carolina has a Sunshine Division, with Mrs. J. M. Ransier, of Hendersonville, N. C., as the President. Mrs. Ransier is the editor of "The Breeze," published in Hendersonville.

The Sunshine Branch at Marshville, N. C., is trying to pay for repairs on the Presbyterian Church there.

The Sunshine Branch at Taska, Miss., through the Sunshine Bulletin, is asking for help for a library in that place. Address any gifts to Mrs. C. D. Davis, President Sunshine Branch, Taska, Marshall County, Miss.

Household Hints.

HUMANITARIANS of all creeds and all nations should insist on reserving the three after dinner hours for a housekeepers recess—a sanitary siesta, maintaining its privileges against all but the most urgent emergencies."

"Thanks to physical culture, the idea that the body is to be educated is sweeping over the land like a tidal wave."

The Chicago Normal School pays the head of its domestic science department a salary of twenty-three hundred dollars a year

"The first law to be instilled in the mind of the embryo citizen—the child—is obedience to the laws of God, parents, teachers, laws of justice and courtesy."

The triumphant woman conquers her work; the work never conquers her. The triumphant woman conquers her disposition. Quick temper is often spoken of as nervousness, and thus nervousness is made to cover a multitude of sins.—*Home Science Magazine.*

Lemon Tartlets.—Soak half a cup of soft bread crumbs in one cup of milk until well moistened. Cream two tablespoons of butter and three tablespoons of sugar, add two well-beaten eggs, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and then the soaked bread. Bake in pattie pans, lined with rich pastry, with a lattice work of narrow strips over the top.—*Home Science Magazine.*

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Conversation.

DEAR PIERREPONT.—Yours of the fourth has the right ring, and it says more to the number of words used than any letter that I have ever received from you. I remember reading once that some fellows use language to conceal thought; but it's been my experience that a good many more use it *instead* of thought.

A business man's conversation should be regulated by fewer and simpler rules than any other function of the human animal. They are:

Have something to say.

Say it.

Stop talking.


Beginning before you know what you want to say, and keeping on after you have said it, lands a merchant in a lawsuit or the poorhouse, and the first is a short cut to the second. I maintain a legal department here, and it costs a lot of money, but it's to keep me from going to law.

It's all right when you are calling on a girl or talking with friends after dinner to run a conversation like a Sunday School excursion, with stops to pick flowers; but in the office your sentences should be the shortest distance possible between periods. Cut out the introduction and the peroration, and stop before you get to secondly. You've got to preach short sermons to catch sinners; and deacons won't believe they need long ones themselves. Give fools the first and women the last word. The meat's always in the middle of the sandwich. Of course, a little butter on either side of it doesn't do any harm if it's intended for a man who likes butter.

Remember, too, that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. Say less than the other fellow and listen more than you talk; for when a man's listening he isn't telling on himself, and he's flattering the fellow who is. Give most men a good listener, and most women enough note paper, and they'll tell all they know.

From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

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Book Reviews.

[Any book reviewed in this column may be obtained through The Keystone at the publishers' price.]

"THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE," by James Lane Allen, is unquestionably the book of the day, not only on account of the author's universal popularity, but because of the diversity of opinion aroused by the theme presented. In this as in all of Mr. Allen's former books, we find his own peculiar charm and beauty of style, and Kentucky is again chosen for his scene of action. There are many characters presented, each remarkably well drawn, standing out as a reality, and each used to portray some phrase of love. The book is a real study and development of human character, with its varying temptations and ideals. There is a suggestion of Shakespeare's wonderful power and grasp in presenting the trials and aspirations of mankind, and Mr. Allen has made use of the soliloquy for the same purpose. "Rowan's" soliloquy before his ancestor's portraits gives us a true understanding of his complex character. While containing many scenes of real pathos, the humorous is brought in sufficiently to divert us from over-seriousness. Although presenting an interesting plot, we may consider the novel a strong plea for greater truthfulness, as is well expressed in the following passage: "We lie in business, and we lie in religion, and we lie to women," continued the old Judge. "Perhaps if a man stopped lying to a woman, by and by he might begin to stop lying for money, and at last stop lying with his Maker." (Cloth, \$1.50.) The Macmillan Company, New York City.

"THE SPECTRE OF POWER," Charles Egbert Craddock's new book, by no means disappoints our expectations. Miss Murfee's well known powers of description, her vigorous and powerful imagination, and her individuality of style that have always been her great charm, are all present in this novel. The story deals with the struggles of the early French and English in the new world, and the scene is laid mainly in Tennessee and South Carolina. The book shows tremendous historical research and a wide knowledge of Indian habits and customs, especially the Choctaws and the Cherokees. Besides the many bold adventures and daring deeds, our interest centres around a fascinating portrayal of Scotch character—a high tribute to the Scotch woman, showing her keen appreciation of moral obligations. We are instructed by the details of description, and entertained by the charming love story. (Cloth, \$1.50.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

"THE TRAIL OF THE GRAND SEIGNEUR," by Olin L. Lyman, is one of the most fascinating books of the season. It is a spirited tale of the frontier life at the foot of Ontario during the struggle of 1812. The book is full of thrilling adventures with the Indians, and of daring deeds against the British, while throughout the whole we find many tender

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passages of romance and delicate touches of nature. The brave women are equal to the trials of the pioneer life and help in making the men stronger. The characters are well drawn, each representing a distinct type. The incidents are all told with such vivid reality and with such exciting detail that we rush through the 430 pages before we know it. There is much that is stimulating all through the book, and although there is some sadness, the atmosphere is always high. The colored illustrations from paintings by J. Steeple Davis and Clare Angel add considerably to the interest of the story. (Cloth, \$1.50.) The New Amsterdam Book Company, New York City.

"A VICTIM OF CONSCIENCE," by Milton Goldsmith, has for its theme "Conscience does make cowards of us all." We are vividly shown the tortures of a man, who, by one act of violence, is changed from a happy but poor individual into a rich and miserable man. All of the main characters are humble Jewish people, and the author gives us many side lights into the every-day life and customs of the orthodox Jew, which is of especial interest just now when all eyes are turned to the trials of these people. Besides many incidents of adventure, there is a love story underlying the main plot, introducing the complex question of racial intermarriage. The book is written in a clear, straightforward, simple manner, and proves entertaining reading, as well as setting forth its purpose. The illustrations give one the impression of greater sensation than there really is. (Cloth, Griffin Series, \$1.00.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

A very attractive poem has just been issued by Richard G. Badger, "*The Mothers*," by Edward F. Hayward, for thirteen years Rector of the Unitarian Church in Marlborough, Mass. The idea of "*The Mothers*" grew out of a very interesting attempt to honor Motherhood which was made many years ago in this old New England town. A sum of money was left by a Mr. Gassett to accumulate until it reached a fixed amount, when its income was to go to the support of the Unitarian Church in the place. A portion of the income, however, was to be set aside and awarded to the best mother in town once in every three years, five men and five women of the place being chosen as a committee to make the award. The bequest has not yet become available, but before long the first prize will be given, and the first public recognition of motherhood in this country will thus have been made. (75 cents, antique boards.) Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass.

THOMAS DIXON JR.'s, "*The Leopard's Spots*," has the distinction of being published twice in Germany. An edition in English has just been issued in Leipzig, a translation is ready at the press of Frederick Rothbart at Munich, and other publishers abroad, it is reported by Doubleday, Page & Co., are seeking the rights to the book. "*The Leopard's Spots*" is called the twentieth century counterblast to the nineteenth century "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and it is still selling at the rate of one hundred thousand copies a year.

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"TRAPPER JIM," by Edward Sandys, is a delightfully entertaining and instructive book, showing the many pleasures to be found in out door life. It will prove especially interesting to boys who are anxious to go into the woods, giving explicit information as to how one may be comfortable while camping. It has chapters on hunting and fishing, directions for making various kinds of traps, and instructive notes on the art of taxidermy. The book is written in an easy conversational manner, in the form of a story rather than a series of lessons, and will prove thoroughly entertaining to grown people as well as to boys. The numerous illustrations and drawings add considerably to our interest in the text, and at once attract our attention. (Cloth, \$1.50.) The Macmillan Company, New York City.

"THE TU-TZE'S TOWER," by Louise Betts Edwards, has just been published in the attractive Griffin Series. The author gives us many interesting pictures of that far off country in the Orient, its queer people and their peculiar habits, especially the deadly practice of the "Yim" or "Smoke." It is rather a remarkable idea for the heroine (an attractive English widow studying these people and their customs) to finally fall in love with the "Tu-tze." True his courtship was a long one, and he showed some admirable qualities, but the idea is so unique that it somewhat appals the occidental mind. All of the characters stand out as real individuals, and some are very attractive. The book is full of exciting episodes, love scenes and humorous incidents. (Cloth, \$1.00.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

Mrs. Lott, our Federation President, and Mrs. Broach, Vice-President, have spent the last month in Chautauqua, N. Y.

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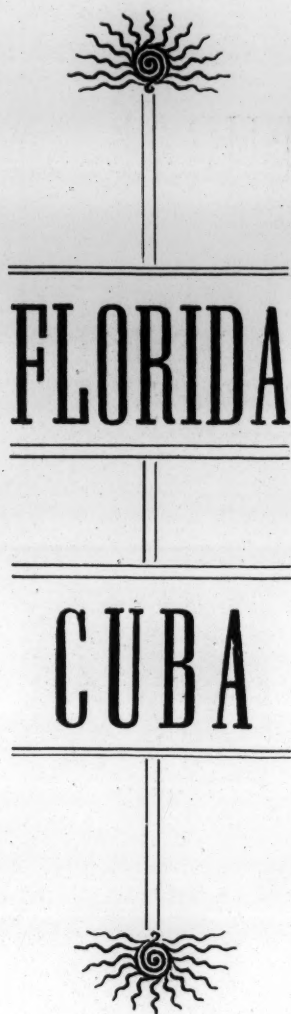
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